

SPORADIC NOT PERIODICAL.

Vol. I.]

SHANGHAI, NOVEMBER 30, 1912.

[No. 7]

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SHANGHAI

QUACK



THE bright eyes and gleaming limbs of Geishas are certainly more alluring than the petals of chrysanthemums, whether incurred or quilled. Thus it is beyond question that the

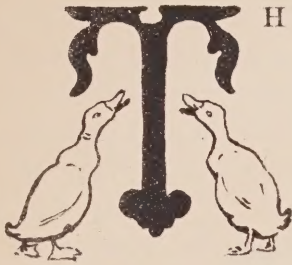
Winter Show on November 15 surpassed its predecessors in charm and in attendance. We note with enormous pleasure that the Committee of the Shanghai Horticultural Society has decided to hold next year's Chrysanthemum Show at Christmas. The festive season's entertainment will be materially enhanced, a troupe of jugglers will fill in the time between the dances, and Miss Ruler Acoma will give us one of her delightful flute solos. Another interesting feature of the Show will be an exhibition of chrysanthemum root processes with special reference to the liberating habits of gnomes. *Floreat chrysanthemum!*

Dr. J. Lowe has issued a booklet entitled "Recommendations for the Reconstruction of China" which in some respects is a most remarkable work. It is of the be-good-and-you-will-be-happy order, and thus somewhat outside *Quack's* sphere of usefulness. Nevertheless it has subsidiary features which command our editorial attention: for instance, its wealth of prelatory talk. This includes an Author's Note on a pink slip, a formal Dedication, a Preface by Dr. Richard, and a Foreword by Dr. Main. Dr. Richard owns up to having said something a hundred times, adding in a bracket that his audience was deaf. Now this is a joke but if our good old friend has really been wasting his time in this way he cannot expect us to be so good-natured

him. Does a cinematograph appeal to his blind? Dr. Main lays down that "great things are not as a rule always done by the young, but by the old, who are experienced, well seasoned and tried. This is a tall order, and at Tls. 5 a column we could argue Dr. Main's hind leg off without advantage or conclusion. But what very bad advice to New China, when it is certain that decrepit fossils in high office have been one of the chief causes of the country's contemptible condition! Shakespeare never wrote a word after he was 46, the new Archbishop of York is the youngest ever, and Putnam Week is a mere boy. Dr. Lowe himself admits such eagerness to get into print, that he had not sufficient time to read 51 pages of proof properly. How young is he?

Nobody has ever yet engaged in conversation with a member of H.M. Canadian Service without unconsciously finding that he or she has drifted into discussing the service movements of either the member in question or one or other of his distinguished but undistinguishable colleagues. Think back for a moment, and you will find that this is an absolutely true statement. Recall now an one at dinner you hear for the first time that Snootkins is seedy and Barker is to take his place. At the bar you learn that McCormick hopes to get Pootung. On the terrace in the summer, when men are largely Acting or locum tenentes, it is not unusual to acquire an inside gleam as to quite a number of probable or possible shoddings. And, in Heaven's name, what does it all amount to? The predictions and turn-of-minds of Jupiter's satellites have as much bearing on the ebb and flow of human life north of the Yangtse-pang as have these oscillations. Nevertheless you cannot avoid their consideration. It is not that you are even vaguely interested, or that you have once met Mrs. McCormick; it is merely that politeness demands that you lend an

QUACK



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Flower Show on November 18 surpassed its predecessors in charm and in attendance. We learn with enormous pleasure that the Committee of the Shanghai Horticultural Society has decided to hold next year's Chrysanthemum Show at Christmas. The festive season's entertainment will be materially enhanced, a troupe of jugglers will fill in the time between the dances, and Miss Suki Alama will give us one of her delightful flute solos. Another interesting feature of the Show will be an exhibition of chrysanthemum root processes with especial reference to the hibernating habits of pompons. *Floreat chrysanthema.*

* * *

Dr. J. Lowe has issued a booklet entitled "Suggestions for the Reconstruction of China" which is in some respects a most remarkable work. It is of the be-good-and-you-will-be-happy order, and thus somewhat outside *Quack's* sphere of usefulness. Nevertheless it has subsidiary features which command our editorial attention: for instance, its wealth of prefatory talk. This includes an Author's Note on a pink slip, a formal Dedication, a Preface by Dr. Richard, and a Foreword by Dr. Main. Dr. Richard owns up to having said something a hundred times, adding in a bracket that his audience was deaf. Now a joke's a joke but if our good old friend has really been wasting his time in this way he cannot expect even a five per cent divi-

dend. Does a cinematograph appeal to the blind? Dr. Main lays down that "great things are not as a rule always done by the young, but by the old, who are experienced, well seasoned and tried." This is a tall order, and at Tls. 5 a column we could argue Dr. Main's hind leg off without advantage or conclusion. But what very bad advice to New China, when it is certain that decrepit fossils in high office have been one of the chief causes of the country's contemptible condition! Shakspeare never wrote a word after he was 46, the new Archbishop of York is the youngest ever, and Putnam Weale is a mere boy. Dr. Lowe himself admits such eagerness to get into print, that he had not sufficient time to read 51 pages of proof properly. How young is he?

* * *

Nobody has ever yet engaged in conversation with a member of H.M. Consular Service without unconsciously finding that he or she has drifted into discussing the service movements of either the member in question or one or other of his distinguished but undistinguishable colleagues. Think back for a moment, and you will find that this is an absolutely true statement. Beside such an one at dinner you hear for the first time that Snoobkins is seedy and Barker is to take his place. At the bar you learn that McCormick hopes to get Pootung. On the terrace in the summer, when men are largely Acting or locum tenentes, it is not unusual to acquire an inside gleam as to quite a number of probable or possible shufflings. And, in Heaven's name, what does it all amount to? The pirouettings and curvettings of Jupiter's satellites have as much bearing on the ebb and flow of human life north of the Yangkingpang as have these oscillations. Nevertheless you cannot avoid their consideration. It is not that you are even vaguely interested, or that you have once met Mrs. McCormick; it is merely that politeness demands that you lend an

ear, that nothing short of rudeness can save you, that no talk is literally endless, in fact that you realise that sorrow lasteth for only a portion of the night and that joy as a rule cometh long before the morning.

* * *



* * *

There was an account the other day of a thief in hot flight who ran right slap into the Yangtszepoo Police Station. The reporters, either from lack of experience or with clumsy sarcasm called his mishap unique; but as a fact such cases are of daily occurrence—as Gellatly hastened to point out: “Suppose,” said he,

“you tell Mrs. Catchpole you are too seedy to come to lunch; who will you run into on the steps of Whiteaway and Laidlaw? Why, of course, the Yangtszepoo Police Station!” “Then again,” Pennington murmured, “if you happen to say that O’Leary’s a rotter, while you are standing at the bar, who will say he’s sorry for jogging your elbow from behind? Why, the Yangtszepoo Police Station!” In my own experience if I have to get hot water after midnight and there be but one beetle in the kitchen, where does my fairy foot-fall foot fall? Why, squish on the Yangtszepoo Police Station!

* * *



* * *

What a dandy is Porky Maguire!
And they say that his things are on hire;
Still nobody knows
Where he gets his fine clothes,
And none have the heart to enquire.



OUR RACE MEETING

AN IMPRESSION BY H.H.

THE TEMPLE OF MIST

(continued).

CHAPTER II.

Pingères never told us the priest's story. It was not till a few years afterwards when I was appointed to Yuchang, that I gave a second thought to the yarn of that summer evening. I was wandering through the City in search of blue monochrome vases when happening upon the Temple of the City God, I went in to look round.

After passing through the mob of fruit-hawkers and fortune-tellers who swell the ever moving multitude in the large court-yard, I entered the dark recess at the side of the God, and there I came upon an aged priest.

"Priest," said I.

"In the name of Amita," he answered.

We then proceeded to the usual courteous enquiries and replies, and he asked me into a side-room to drink a cup of tea, chattering with the garrulity of old age the while.

"Here the foreign teachers rarely come," he said, "but I have met them, I have met them. Before, there was an Excellency with yellow eyes and a white side-beard, Excellency Ka, a great man, and of many years—who could talk Chinese nearly as well as the gentleman," he added with a little bobbing bow.

"Not white," I interrupted, "gold colour properly speaking."

"In your opinion gold, but we count it white," he replied, with a tolerant wave of his shrivelled claw. "There was another old man also that came with him,—Hai! with our Chinese customs, truly acquainted."

I recognised Pingères; and Ka was, of course, none other than Casartelli. With a vague memory of Pingères' story I brought the old man to mention the Temple of Mist by making him describe all the local temples. I then asked him about the crooked spirits.

"Oh, much foolish talk."

"I think not foolish," I answered.

"You think not foolish; so also did the great man Ka, and the priest Lin Tai who is younger than I; he has the annual sacrifice at the Mist Temple, when the people bring their incense money; he also knew well that the Foreign Custom House could never be there, and made an oath it should never be allowed even if the Father-and-Mother-Officials had been willing; as indeed they never would, for fear of the people's com-

motion. But it was all well; for there is a soothsayer who had goings and comings with the Excellency Ka and who caused the Excellency much doubt as to certain strange things seen and heard by Ping on the hillock in the night time."

I enquired as to their cause. This was the Priest's reply:

"There is a certain inn three li outside the North Gate, where the innkeeper was good, but with an evil wife. And though nice to look at, she talked *hua-la hua-la* in unbroken continuation, forever provoking quarrels. One day she died from excessive wrath, causing interior fever, as the doctor said; and because the innkeeper was a good man, the leisure rumours of the neighbours giving other reasons may be believed or not according to choice. It happened at the time of the market, and he placed her coffin and her body in a side room. The weather had been very bad that year I remember, and the rain fell for three weeks. The roads were deep with soft mud and bad for travel. There was a troupe of actors, and, as usual at this time, men of many kinds in large numbers all staying at the inn.

Before the coffin was taken away there came one night three merchants from Hupeh to the door, all wet; and declared that they could go no further, and that there were rumours of brigands on the road. But the inn was full; and the innkeeper said there was no place for them. They besought, and never left the door; and at last being a good man, he said:—

"How can I face you? there is only a room with my corpse in it?" But they replied:—

"Who is the corpse?" We have mutually no other means at hand; what harm?

"No harm in the corpse," he said, "she was my family."

So with mutual excuses they made their bedding ready upon the floor. The coffin stood on trestles in the middle of the room.

But there was one merchant who was afraid, though he said nothing. And when all had gone to bed he alone lying on his *pei-wo* remained wakeful, while the others slept. By the bed of the second sleeper stood a flickering lamp. After a time he heard a strange creaking sound from the coffin, and from the corner of his eyes he beheld the coffin lid slowly moving and turning crosswise; and then as his flesh shivered the woman quietly, quietly, sat up and looked across the room with glaring eyes.

Softly creaked the coffin again, and she came swinging down, and strutted swiftly over to the first sleeper. Bending down over his head she

blew with a swishing sound upon his face, and the coldness of her breath came over to the wakeful merchant. Then she bent over the second and did likewise.....

The wakeful one certainly knew then that he must die, but quickly he sprang up, and, as the lamp went out he burst through the door behind him, and ran. How he opened the main door, who can say? but it was open in the morning.

And the corpse followed him jumping with both feet in long bounds, as a corpse does. But he ran wildly, shrieking in vain as he ran, for so the neighbours heard, without knowing the cause, for the wind was blowing strong. And the wakeful merchant ran on for four li till he came to the Temple of Mist, and knocked loud and hurried at the door. At that time there was an old priest there, rather deaf, but even he heard, and went to the entrance; and while he fumbled the bolt in his hands, the runner rushed round the Temple, and so past the entrance three times till he stopped exhausted at the tree in front, with a bitter scream, and then there were no more sounds.....

And the priest, being of a careful heart, waited till the morning before opening the door. Whereon he found the merchant face downwards dead in the mire, on one side of the great pine tree; and on the other stood the corpse with her hands on each side of the tree trunk, the fingers deep embedded in the bark.

And when the innkeeper and his guests awoke they found two more dead merchants, lying where they slept."

"But how can you have learnt of the running of the corpse?" I enquired "and why should she stand at the tree?"

"The Magistrate held an official enquiry," he answered, "and found the innkeeper blameless of the deaths; for we, with other priests and soothsayers, spoke with the dead and learnt it all, how she wanted another life, and sought it by this mistaken method. When the runner was tired he ran round the tree, and she, throwing her arms round the trunk, endeavoured to catch him by the neck. The proverb says 'see a devil—then die'—how could a man live after all that?"

"Where is the old priest now?" I said.

"How can I know?" he rejoined and, taking out a little pocket comb, he fell to combing his goaty beard with a far-away bleary-eyed gaze.

THE END.

BOOBOOS, OR PROFIT AND LOSS

Dramatis Personæ.

- A AN AVERAGE PERSON.
- B A BROKER.
- C A CLUB LOUNGER.
- D A DIRECTOR.

Scene. The Shanghai Club.

SCENE I.

B. (to A) *in a husky whisper*, Got any Boobos?

A. Yes.

B. Don't sell.

A. What have you heard?

B. Oh, you wait.

A. What do you *know* about it?

B. *hesitating*, Well, between you and me, I was speaking to D about them just now, and he told me he had bought all he could afford.

(Pause)

For Gawd's sake don't tell anyone.

A. Oh, My dear boy.

SCENE II. Two minutes later.

C. (to A) What's all this about Boobos?

A. *circumspectly*, What's all what?

C. All this about Boobos going to 75.

A. What do *you* know about it?

C. Oh, D's buying all he can afford.

A. Is he? Who says so?

C. Oh, everyone.

A. No, but who *told* you?

C. Oh, Let me see,—Oh, B told me.



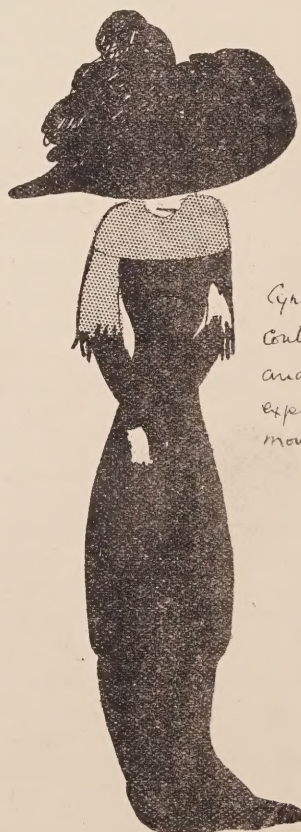
Mr Dallas
emboupoint a
very, local
affair -



Roe makes
herself very
chic & agreeable



Fletcher
on
Winnipeg



Cynthia in a
contrit mood
and very
expensive
mourning -

Smith-



I wish that gentleman
who wouldn't eat
the cat - it's good
enough having to
do it in front of
the audience!



Arthur Smith takes off his
hat to have a scene -

Ally is not quite
such an ass
as he looks



"SMIFF"

Anyone can criticise the play, of course, but it's lots of fun criticising the critics. In fact, it's the latest thing. Everybody's doing it. Even the critics of the critics have come in for a certain amount of cri-

ticism: it's a Gordius Joke, isn't it? Now, I think although so much has been written on the subject, that one or two people who played important rôles very cleverly have not had their fair share of congratulation. The man who slammed the front door, for instance. It is true that on one occasion he omitted to do it until after *Tom*, clairvoyant for the moment, declared that visitors had arrived without. But considering there were three nights, (not counting the dress rehearsal), with an average of seven slams (not counting

the bridge ones), a night, we consider it a most creditable performance. Some people are very much against the introduction of child actors, but the excellent performance of the youthful member of the cast the other night must overcome such old-

fashioned prejudices. Although at the comparatively, early age of three weeks, it played its part with a verve and absence of stage-fright, which was quite wonderful. Of course we knew it was going to die when its mother appeared in

that light Green dress—No, no, it was pink, of course—I'm getting a little mixed, what was I saying? Oh, yes! The carnations! After the long and trying ordeal of never leaving the stage through four acts, they maintained their freshness to the end. Quite marvellous, considering the fact that they were (1) meddled with unceasingly by the well meaning *Smith*, (2) deliberately thrown on to the floor by *Tom*, and (3) sat on by *Algy*. And then the chef who did his part, and the cutlets, so thoroughly. It was nice when he was



H.S. AS TOM FREEMAN

sent the complimentary message about the eggs, but we were disappointed when *Tom* refused even to see the puddings. We felt so sorry for him after he had taken the trouble to make it. Cooks are so sensitive about these things.

LAUDABUNT ALII

Some deem no other sight so fine

As cliff-bound England, off the Dover coast.
The charms of Monte or the Rhine
Their devotees the whole world over, boast;
Some bid us Naples see and die,
Or Alpine mountains high.

Some praise what ancient sages sang

Of Hsi-Hu's pillared fanes and oracles,
The silks and riches of Su-Hang,
Where dive the cormorants from coracles,
On some secluded winding Pang,
Or on the wide Ch'en-Tang.

Some love the Oriental blaze,

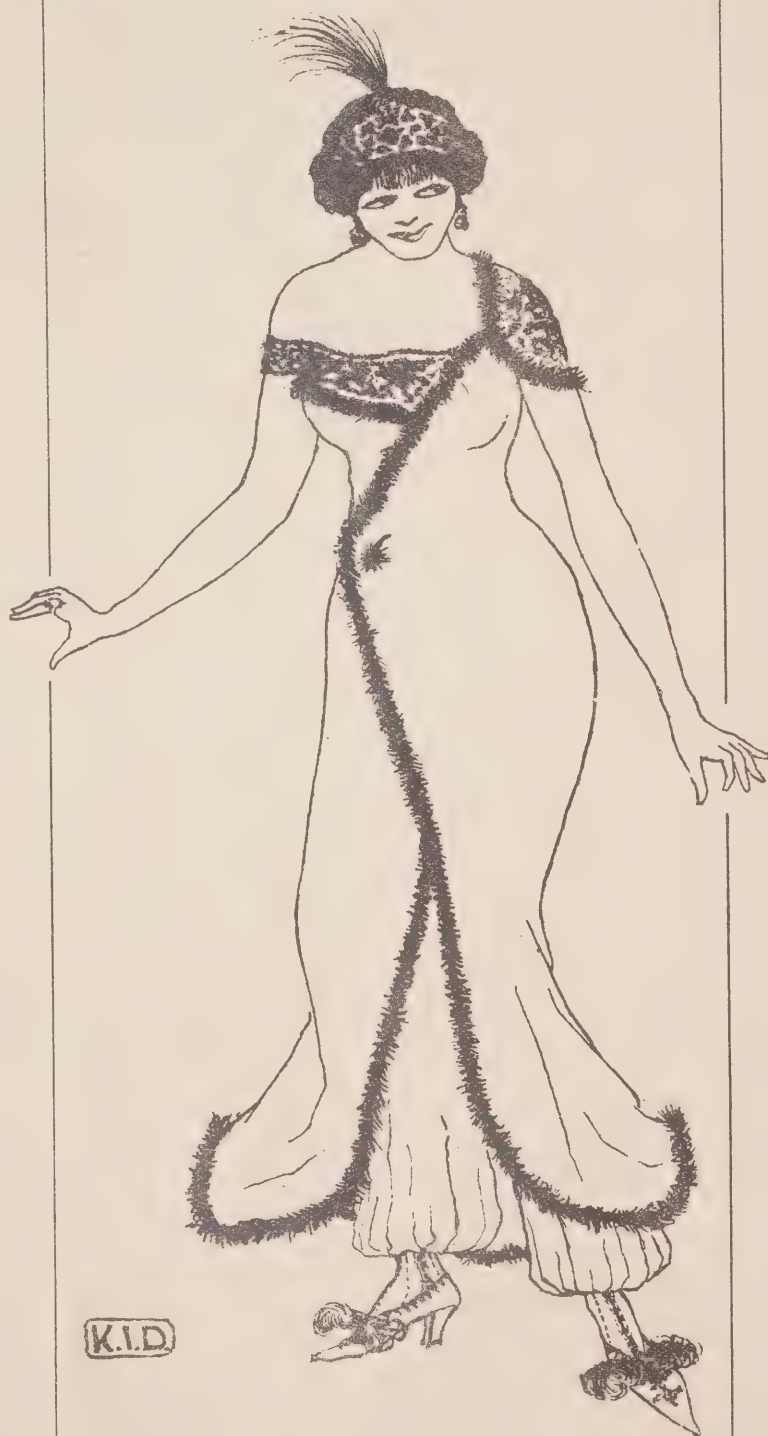
Of lofty suns the snow-cloud sundering
With early-born and wine-red rays
On Fuji's head, a sight for wondering,
The captor of the Western gaze
The Eastern painter's craze.

For us, St. Andrew keeps a land

Whose glories past and now we celebrate
On the Atlantic's fretted strand,
Whose race of men are men at any rate,
And strong in head, and strong in hand
Where living's simply grand.

SCOT.

(November 30.)



THE HOOLEY HOOLEY GIRL

MR. J. EM. FOWLER



"OFF THE STAGE,—PLEASE"

THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE

Shanghai Autumn Race Meeting 1912.

QUACK. SHANGHAI, NOVEMBER 30th 1912.



Mr. Macfah's Chee. The Bird
(Mr. Johnstone)

Mr. H. C. Gray's Grey Burwood
(Mr. Laurence)

Mr. H. Mc. Ghee's Grey Leap Year
(Mr. Mc. Ghee)

"Burwood's win in the event of the day was as spectacular as anyone could wish, for after leading the major portion of the way, he gave Leapyear at least two lengths and won by a head.....
Leapyear led over Morris's Jump with Burwood making up ground again quickly. It was a race between these two ponies, and an exciting finish saw Burwood beat Leapyear on the post by a short head. The Bird was third-
(Extract from N. C. Daily News).

MIGNONETTE

We should like to write something nasty about *Mignon*—Something really nasty and cutting. After all this fulsome adulation, those concerned are positively in danger of swollen head, and a little dose of the other thing will come as a wholesome corrective. Nothing like a little hole-picking. Talking of holes, *did* you notice the holes in some of the red stockings of the chorus? Really, their wives might have seen to it, or even the judicious application of red ink—However, to pass on. It is impossible to ignore the extraordinary mistake of *Mignon's* costume; just an untidy old cotton dress, torn all round the hem, too, and her hair all anyhow. No one would have guessed she was a lady; I was glad to see in the last Act they let her be convalescent in something rather more fitting. Of course we understand that the show was for a charitable object, but it was unpardonable to economise over the leading lady, especially as we noticed that some of the chorus had quite nice lace ruffles. The duel was disappointing: the least we hoped for was that they would draw blood, or even that one of the combatants should fall pierced in a more or less vital spot. The thing ended in one round, tamely and miserably, without a scratch on either side. And another thing we were pained to observe; there was no beer in the beer-mugs in the first Act! Too bad, really, when a dozen pints or so would just have created the the proper atmosphere. We thought the dancers looked too clean, both as to face and costume, and it is difficult to see how they could afford silk stockings; nobody put anything into the hat

except *Filina*, and that was only fifty cents. One last point on which we feel very strongly; it was most unjust and cruel to overwork a willing orchestra as the company did on the first night. Not content with keeping them at it through four scenes of difficult music, they forced them to act as reluctant porters for the outrageous number of bouquets and flower-baskets sent up from the audience. Anyone with a heart would have been touched at the sight of their perspiring efforts. If we had known, we should not have sent ours.

A COLLOQUY

One Autumn morning, passing by

My Perfect Lady's Garden

I heard a praying Mantis sigh,

And stopped; he begged my pardon,

'Your walks,' he said, 'solidify

The jewelled turf, and harden

The sundry matter wherewith I

My early hunger satisfy.'

I answered, 'Ah, sweet Phyllis though

Rests there behind the casement,

No better cause you'll ever know

For joyful self-effacement.'

And he rejoined, 'Precisely so

I bow in charmed abasement:

Your lot and mine however show.

How joy and want together go.'

SZE A-SUNG, A STORY OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

By H. H.

BOOK VI

[This story began in "Quack,"

June 1912, 2nd Number.]

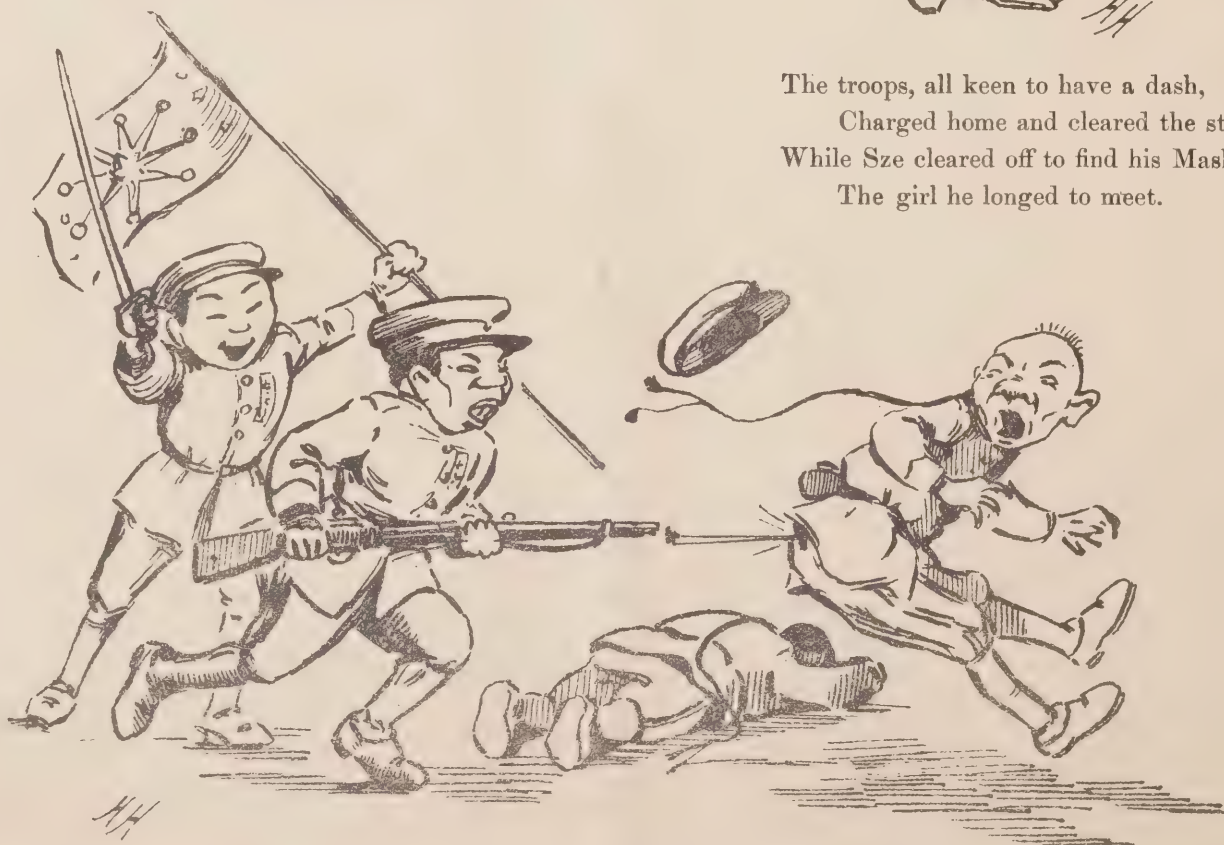
PLEASE cast an eye on Colonel Sze !
Why should I strive to hide
The fact that, with promotion, he
Developed shocking side.

Observe the photographic pose,
The self-complacent leer,
The while he bids them meet their foes,
With orders loud and clear,

"Advance, you dogs, and sack the town,
Slay all the Manchu crowd"
And then he added, with a frown,
"NO LOOTING IS ALLOWED!"



The troops, all keen to have a dash,
Charged home and cleared the street,
While Sze cleared off to find his Mash,
The girl he longed to meet.



And now, in Ssuma's willing ears,
 He pours his tale of love ;
 They plight their troth, he soothes her fears
 And things begin to move.

When I say "move" the fact's implied
 That Ssuma's poor pappa,
 The pawnshopman, was shot, and died,
 A victim of the war.

In haste their mingled tears are shed
 "Now to secure the—— hush !"
 The pledges of a thousand dead—
 Oh, Sze, you make me blush !"
 A handy mule-cart, standing near,
 Is seized, and in it stowed
 About ten lacs of precious gear ;
 It fairly overflowed.

And little Ssuma did her part
 With unremitting zeal ;
 She loved her Sze with all her heart
 And never thought to steal.





The office of J. M. & Co.

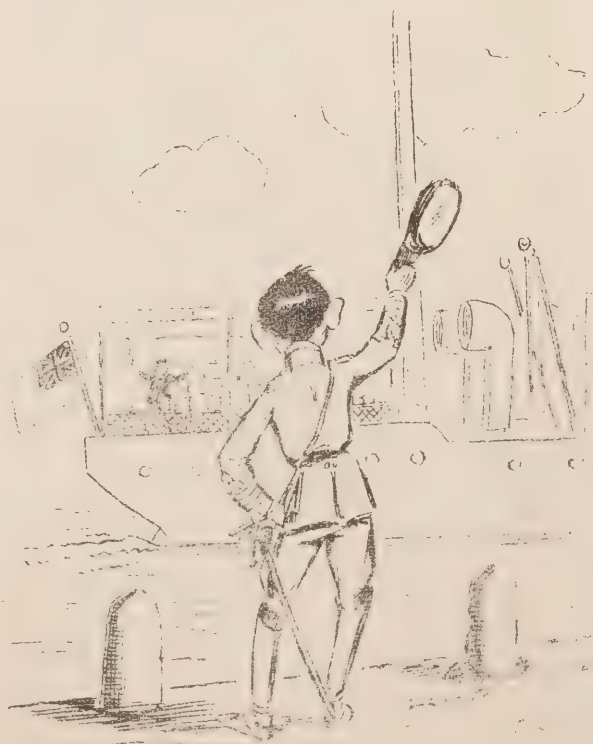
They visit next, to buy
A passage by the "Sui Wo"
Proceeding to Shanghai.

"A Bill of Lading for the stuff,"
Cried Sze, "tis growing late ;
"I must return in time enough
To share my comrades fate."

"But never fear, I'll quickly come
To claim my winsome bride,
Within the shelter of our home
We'll linger, side by side."

The steamer's off, the whistle blows,
"Farewell, my hero brave."
She blew her little piquant nose
And you can see him wave.

(To be continued)



CAROLS

I thought I saw a harried slave,
 Perspiring and pale ;
 I looked again, and thought it was
 Hard labour in a gaol.
 But no, it only was my wife,
 A-writing Christmas mail.

I thought I saw an army march
 Across a hazy hall ;
 I staggered back, and saw it was
 McPherson after all
 'Twas rather late, and I was at
 The Caledonian Ball

I thought I heard a songster trill ;
 Caruso at his best.
 I took my glass, and saw it was
 An object quaintly dressed,
 Producing quite a lot of noise
 From M. . tl . nd's manly chest.

I thought I saw a—flashing by
 St. George and Good Queen Bess.
 I looked again, and saw that it
 Was Snoobkin's fancy dress ;
 And what he's meant to be, I'm sure
 You'll never even guess.

QUACK REMEDIES

KOPSAUCE

The anti-verdict virus. Of
 all chymists. After three
 injections you are immune
 against adverse verdicts
 damages and costs.

CEREBROL.

The marvellous properties of this
 drug have only to be known to be
 appreciated. Applied to the scalp
 twice daily it will produce a braini-
 ness almost undistinguishable from
 the real thing. Under its influence
 brain-cells will grow even in a vacuum.

[*We use it.*—Ed.]

BURLUFF FOR THE FEET.

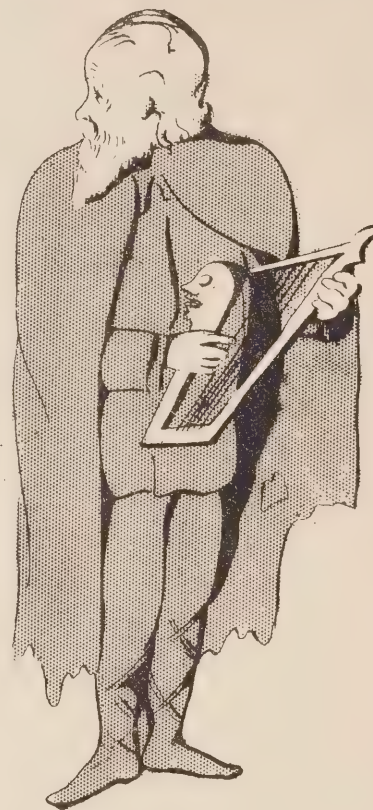
Put it on in the Dressing Room after
 your bath. After the first application a
 pleasant tingling takes the place of that
 frigid feeling, and you are nerved for any
 fray.

Burluff was discovered as the result of
 an accident, and is highly purified before
 it reaches the consumer. The proprietors
 defy analysis, and are oblivious alike to
 the taunts of the B.M.A., the tantrums of
 the B.C.G., and the tactics of the B.P.O.

The
hard-boiled
egg dancer-



Never saw
more
dignified
darker
my dear



Wilhelm keeps
a wary eye
on the
conductor!

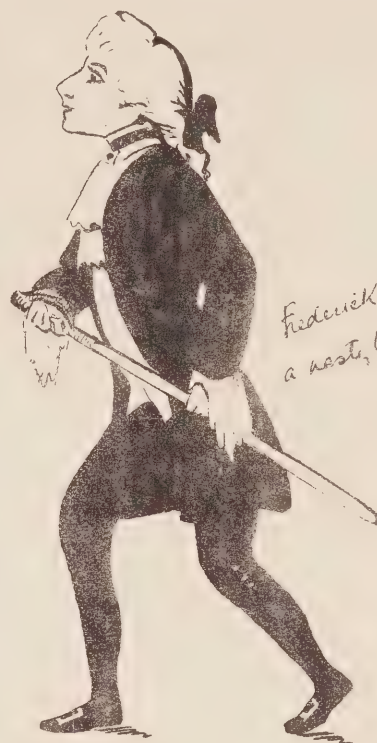


Oh, you
artful puss
you!

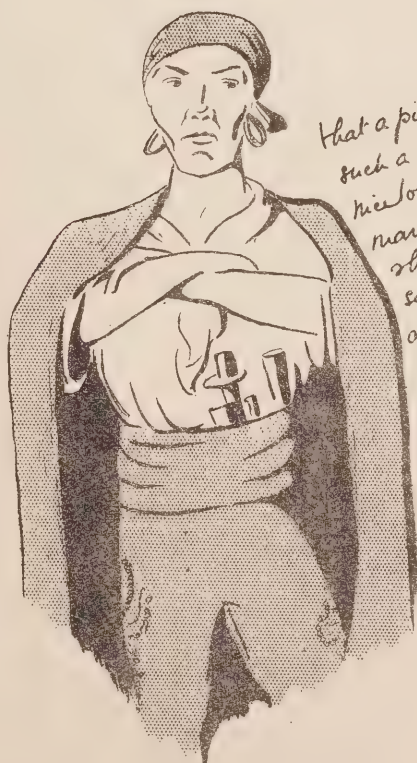




A very
entertaining
fellow,
Laertes -



Frederick has
a most temper -



That a pit,
such a
nice looking
man
should be
so bold
and bad -



The light
fantasy

VODKA
A GHOST STORY



CHAPTER. V.

“ . . . and next in order was Limping Lucifer.”

TO A RELIC

I saw thee last five dusty years ago,
What time we moved our primitive abode,
Forsaking town, and gaining, as you know,
The safe gentility of Carter Road.

A wedding present thou, in eighty-eight,
From William's aunt ; or was it William's niece ?
I am not sure ; I know at any rate
I could not stand you on the mantel-piece.

Exposed to moth and rust and ruthless rats
Here in the attic still thy fate to lurk
Among unwanted books and clothes, and bats,
And labour-saving things that will not work.

'Twere sacrilege to send thee to a sale,
All unprotected from the vulgar gaze ;
At sight of thee the years unfold a tale,
A tale of happy, half-forgotten days ;

When William's teeth were all his very own,
When William lacked his dignified reserve,
When William did not live to eat alone,
Before his waistcoat grew that fatal curve.

Enough ! Adieu ! I really cannot bear
To resurrect this sentimental pain ;
Re-pop into your tissue-paper lair,
Farewell, until we move our house again !

LYCEUM LITANIES

- M. (Intoning) To-morrow ! Oh, Gee ! to-morrow ! Who knows where we may be to-morrow ?
(Lapsing into "Dorothy") "Oh, why should we wait till to-morrow? the Queen of my heart's to-night."
- W. (Interested and inquisitive) What's yer nime, Pet ?
- M. Now look 'ere Bill, none of yer sauce, them bloomin' flowers are faded, and it ain't a decent question to arst a lidy anyow.
- W. But who is your father ?
- M. Arst me another !
- W. Ahem, Who is your Mother ?
- M. The great demon is dead.
- W. The Great Demon ! What do you mean ?
- M. He was my first husband.
- W. Was that the bloke with the sixpenny bits round his hat? Gee ! but that's a cinch, I'm your pal—carry on Miss.
- M. I'm feeling a bit wuzzy, but I strayed by the brink—
- W. (Interrupting) DRINK !
- M. NO ! BRINK, and suddenly a strange man caught me savagely by the Lake.
- W. (Again interrupting—habit of W's) By the LEG ?
- M. (Shouting) NO ! LAKE you ASS.
- W. Serry.
- M. A cry escaped me !
- W. Too bad, you might have stepped on its tail, but come, to what beloved spot would you wend your way ?
- M. (Ogling) Knowest thou ? etc.....

INTERVAL (Time—Three Gin and Bitters)

- M. I'm far away,—I can see no more—
- W. Where will you go? (Orchestra off heard playing "I'm goin' 'ome, I'm goin' 'ome, I'm goin' 'ome ter Dixie")
- M. (tox. dim.) Firsh path ole fren, behin' before, the firsh part before.
- W. Who will protect you ?
- M. (Very dim.) Ask a pleeshman.
- W. Who will support you ?
- M. Any ole lamposht, ole fren (ineb) Ah ! Ah ! Ah !
Exit stretcher.

CURTAIN.

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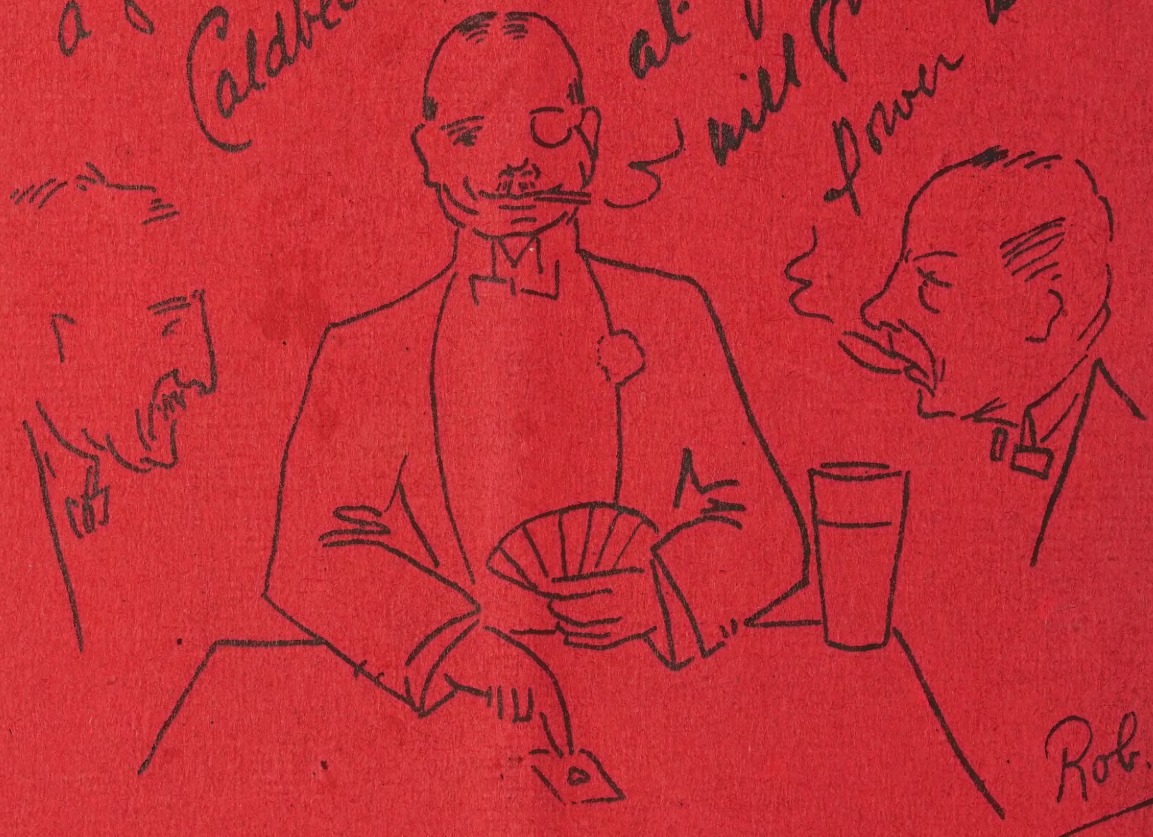
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